HOMESICKNESS.

Like children in a garden fair,
Who wander thro' each flowerful maze,
And drink from sunny founts with glee,
And look with long and lingering gaze
Upon the wondrous scene;—yet fain
Would be at home for love and rest—
So we, in this bright world of ours,
With strange homesickness are possest!

Through garden fair and palace proud
We vainly seek our hearts to please,
Life spreads her feast—we sit us down,
Yet never are we quite at ease.
Some hope—some yearning stirs the soul,
E'en with the chalice at our lips—
Some rapturous strain from shores afar,
That doth all meaner mirth eclipse!

Yet earth, kind mother, fain would charm—
And is herself so fair to see—
And offers many a cup of joy,
But none without satiety;
And she hath many a garden fair,
That tempts our eager feet to roam,
Yet never are we quite at ease,
And never feel we quite at home!

What meaneth it, that we should weep,
More for our joys than for our fears—
That we should sometimes smile at grief,
And look at pleasure's show thro' tears—
Alas—but homesick children we,
Who would, but cannot play, the while
We dream of nobler heritage,
Our Father's house, our Father's smile!
—Zitella Cocke, in Youth's Companion.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER IV.

The road below the Mascot mine, always wet in places from seeping springs, had been badly gullied by the rain, but Dorothy had no care for safety as she blindly dashed down the steep hill. She felt altogether shaken and unnerved by this fortuitous reviviscence of an adventure which had lingered in her memory as a cherished bit of romance.

As she had truthfully told him in the hurry and perturbation of the world's fair encounter she had had hardly a thought to spare for the looks of the young fellow whom chance had sent to play a knightly part; still less had there been opportunity to learn his name or aught else about him, beyond the patent facts that he had been charmingly zealous in her service and that his manner had been precisely what the manner of a gentleman should be under such circumstances, deferential and wholly unpresuming. That she should ever meet him again she was altogether too practical to imagine; but the picture of him which had remained with her, for the very vagueness of its outlines, had always had strong hold upon her fancy. In the extravagance of youth's delight in adventure, she had liked to magnify the romance of the episode by endowing the hero with every grace, until unconsciously to herself he had developed to an ideal, altogether transcending the common run of men.

And now in a moment the fair god was rudely toppled to earth. He was Harvey Neil, an unprincipled adventurer, who by misrepresentation and fraud and by clever play upon the fallibility of the law would strive to despoil his neighbor. He had dared to accuse her father of stealing a fortune out of the Mascot mine; he would brand him as a common thief, simply to attain his own iniquitous ends. "A regular bunco game," her father had tersely characterized the suit which had been brought against him. A bunco game! and devised by him who had been idealized in her mind as a very Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach.

Youth resents so fiercely its disillusionments! She could have wept angry tears for the sense of loss, of cruel grievance, in this ruthless shattering of her ideal.

She had nearly reached that point far down the hill where the road leading up to the Grubstake branched away to the east in an acute angle, when her eyes fell upon the handkerchief still bound about her wrist. With a little inarticulate exclamation she brought the horse to an abrupt stop, while, hurriedly undoing the damp folds, she looked back. She would not have admitted to herself that she expected to see him glued to the spot where she had left him, absorbed in sentimental contemplation of her back; but her ill humor was not a little augmented by the fact that he had wholly vanished from sight, while nobody appeared whom she could call to her assistance.

Acting upon the first impulse, she turned to go back up the hill, but with a second thought she stopped again, perplexedly studying the situation. One small cabin, somewhat apart from the other buildings of the mine, she instinctively settled upon as Neil's private quarters; and she was half disposed to ride up to the door forthwith and boldly tender him this bit of his equipment, of which she so keenly longed to be rid; but with reflection appeared a dozen reasons why she should not do that, not the least of which was her nervous dread of again encountering Neil himself. She must return the handkerchief by some messenger, she decided, with sharp dislike for the very sight of it, thrusting it down into her saddle pocket, as she turned back again to the Grubstake road.

Col. Meredith was standing just within the shaft-house door with the superintendent of the mine as Dorothy rode up, both so much occupied with their conversation that for the moment neither looked up. There was something in her father's attitude which suggested to the girl's mind that he must have very lately arrived himself, and with the thought she found herself glancing back down the road with a little start of apprehension as she reflected how near he might have been to seeing her ride down the hill on the other side in company with Harvey Neil. She had had no distinct thought of concealing that circumstance till this moment; but now of a sudden it appeared clear that it might be far more conducive to her peace of mind to keep to herself the adventure of that afternoon.

With all the off-hand good-fellowship which existed between them, there was really very little in common between Dorothy Meredith and her father. As a child, when by her mother she had been taken to live in the old family home at Brooklyn, her father had been to her as a fairy prince whose occasional visits had meant lavish gifts and unlimited indulgence. She had been fond of him, in frank, childish selfishness, for what he did rather than what he was to her—after the canny method of children, who see so much of that to which they are supposed to be blind, half guessing at the incompatibility which led her parents to dwell so much apart, and instinctively divining somewhat of the jealous regard of each for her, by means of which she might, as it were, pit one against the other, to attain her own small ends. As she grew older the colonel, always handsome and debonair, gradually assumed a good-humored elder-brother attitude, which perhaps the girl appreciated the more for the peevish fretfulness which had grown upon the invalid mother with passing years. Her father, although, as she well knew, naturally of choleric temper, was to her generally amiable and always carelessly indulgent. He sometimes ventured upon advice or criticism, occasionally even carrying interference so far as to tease her to the verge of tears by his rather merciless gift of satire; but he never seemed to dream of demanding any actual obedience to his wishes. He appeared to regard her, indeed, as a somewhat interesting young woman, whose acquaintance, on the whole, he quite enjoyed, but whose conduct he considered rather outside the limit of his legitimate jurisdiction.

This easy-going attitude the girl had found very pleasant in the time they had been together since her mother's death. He made it clear that he liked to have her with him; but he was also at pains to have her understand that her own wishes were to have full weight in determining all her movements. When their plan of going abroad in the early summer had been broken up, the colonel had been at some trouble to mitigate her disapointement by proposing the pleasantest possible alternatives. She might have gone to any of the fashionable resorts of the east, under the chaperonage of a convenient relative; but she knew that he was pleased when she elected to go with him to Colorado instead, and even more pleased to hear her speak of it as going home. Under his cool, nonchalant reserve she knew that he was really fond of her, really anxious to make her happy; but, though in turn she was intensely loyal in her devotion to him, she could not disguise from herself the fact that in a way they still were almost strangers.

He looked up and saw her after a moment, but beyond a brief nod, conveying some surprise as well as a certain shade of disapproval, he gave her no further attention for the time, going on with his talk with McCready, the superintendent, who also looked out to greet the girl with a smiling familiarity which she secretly resented. He was a tall, muscular fellow of some 30 years, his face presenting a certain type of coarse, bucolic good looks, of which he seemed overweeningly conscious, carrying himself with an air of complacent egotism which to Dorothy made him almost insufferable.

"Well, you make a paying trip of it this afternoon, sure," he was saying, when presently he accompanied the colonel down the steps. "If you've got Brigham solid, it's about all we want."

"Well, I guess we've got him," the colonel rejoined, stopping on the last step to button his gloves. He was a fine-looking man of the sandy-haired, ruddy blond type, carrying his thin, wiry form with an alert, military grace which cheated time of no less than ten good years in the visible record of his age. There was conscious strength in the glance of his cold gray eyes; stubborn will-power in the thin-lipped month, half covered by a drooping blond mustache just lightly touched with gray; boundless pluck and energy in the whole poise of the man. "So you had to come out and get yourself wet?" he called out to his daughter, regarding her with frank irritation.

"Yes; I had to come," she nonchalantly returned, in no whit disturbed by his passing peevishness. "I hope I did not keep you waiting."

"As it never entered my mind that you would be here at all, in view of the rain, I can assure you that you certainly did not," he answered, his tone still caustic, but his face softening somewhat as he looked up at her youthful loveliness, glowing from her ride. He turned away to get his horse, which was fastened to a post at one side, while the superintendent came on to speak to Miss Meredith.

"You're your father's own daughter, Miss Meredith," he observed, bold admiration in his small, shifty eyes. "It takes more'n a cloudburst to stop you when you set out to do a thing. And the colonel—I'd like to see the cyclone that would feaze him."

The girl smiled vaguely, in recognition of the intended compliment, her eyes following her father's movements. "It was quite a storm," she remarked, feeling that the pause demanded speech of some sort.

"You bet; it was a corker," Mr. McCready cordially agreed, whereat the girl smiled in a way that made him dully conscious of the coarseness of his clothes, of the redness of his large hands, of such awkwardness in his whole make-up as filled him with hot, unreasoning wrath. It was always so when he was with her; sweet and gentle as her manner was, there was something in her glance, in the quality of her smile, which always subtly suggested how wide was the gulf which lay between them, filling him with dull sense of resentment. What business had she to look down on him as though he were a mere worm of the earth, she for whom indirectly he had done so much? Had not the very dress she wore, perchance, been purchased with gold that had come from the Grubstake mine—gold which he and he alone had caused to flow into the colonel's coffers. Did she think that she owed him no more than she might a dog that had dropped a bone at her feet? Thus in an undercurrent his thoughts were running on, while, as it were, the other side of his nature was fawning before her girlish arrogance. "We run across a little wire gold down in the second level yesterday," he awkwardly observed, fumbling down in his pocket, "and I picked out a specimen I thought perhaps you'd like."

"Indeed, I would like it; it is lovely," she returned, more graciously than she had ever before addressed him, her eyes admiringly studying the curious formation as she took it in her hand. "Why, it is like a tangle of golden hair."

"It's not so pretty as some hair," McCready returned, boldly glancing up at her own wind-roughened locks. "But it isn't bad. If Samson had 'ave had such hair, for instance, I don't know's anybody could blame what's-her-name for shearing him."

Dorothy laughed carelessly in recognition of his wit. Absorbed in her specimen, she had hardly heard the tribute to her hair. Her conscience was smiting her somewhat for the snubbing attitude it had been her impulse to assume toward this fellow, who, in his uncouth way, was evidently disposed to all good-humored friendliness toward his employer's daughter. "It is hair that I shall greatly appreciate, at all events. It was very kind of you to give it to me," she said, nodding him a farewell as her father joined her; but when they had ridden around the first turn of the zigzag road, she observed, very decidedly: "He seems a good-natured, well-meaning man, but I don't like him, all the same. Do you?"

"Who?—McCready?" the colonel returned, staring absently ahead.

"Yes;" but her father appeared to have forgotten the question. "Do you like him?" the girl persisted, leaning forward to look at his face.

"Great heavens! why should I?" he impatiently replied. "I never trouble myself to think whether I like a man personally or not, so long as I like the way he does the work I hire him to do. McCready keeps the mine in pay. That is the great thing, with this infernal lawsuit to soak up money like a sponge."

"What is the lawsuit about, papa?" she rather coaxingly inquired, after a moment of thought. "It occurs to me that I don't know much about it."

"That's where you're in luck. I wish I didn't."

"Mines generally appear to be quarreling about something," she tentatively observed, by no means to be turned from her purpose by the tart tone.

"You bet, it was a corker," McCready agreed.

"It is Heaven's way of feeding the lawyers," the colonel sententiously declared, adding, after an instant, "and the other rascals who serve as witnesses."

"Was it one of your witnesses in this lawsuit that you went to see this afternoon?" she shrewdly demanded, struck by something in the tone of the last words.

The colonel looked faintly surprised. "He is one of my witnesses now," he returned, with grim emphasis on the last word. "But, for heaven's sake, Dorothy, what has come over you? You remind me of your mother."

Dorothy laughed, too well accustomed to such overt attacks upon her mother's methods to think of resenting the imputation in her behalf. The truth of the matter was that the late Mrs. Meredith, seeking to pry with ill-advised pertinacity into such matters as the colonel regarded as his own private concerns, would have been relegated to her legitimate sphere of interests with scant ceremony, while at the same time the deprecating meekness with which she had ever submitted to his brusque methods of belittling her had only served to increase boundlessly the colonel's contempt for such an unassuming type of woman. He was secretly proud that his daughter had inherited a pluckier poise, complacently persuaded that every quality he admired in her was a direct inheritance from himself; but at the same time he had a habit, which the girl, who had greatly loved her mother, keenly resented when she stopped to think about it, of coolly charging to her mother's influence whatever about her he happened not to like. "Everybody says I am so much like you!" she demurely rejoined, whereat the colonel laughed appreciatively, his passing ill humor forgotten.

"You did not answer my first question," she protested, presently, her manner making it quite apparent that rebuff had no effect whatever upon her. "I asked you what the quarrel between the mines is all about?"

"And to all intents I answered you that I considered your ignorance bliss. However, if you must know, the gist of the matter is that this man Neil claims that I have been stealing ore out of his mine."

"I knew as much as that before; but what I do not understand is upon what possible grounds he could bring such charges against you."

The colonel smiled indulgently, shrugging his shoulders. Clearly the girl was bent upon pursuing the subject to the earth. "He claims that the Grubstake levels have been carried beyond the side lines into the Mascot territory. It happens that he made a very rich strike in the ground where the Grubstake lode crosses his claim. He thought he had a distinct vein—that it was his ore all right; but when we began drifting from our side we found that our vein made a turn at that point, that it was the Grubstake lode into which he had blundered—that being the prior location. I was in no hurry to get involved in legal controversy; I preferred to go on quietly with the development work until I could be absolutely sure in the premises; and so it happened that Neil got ahead of me in this suit. I think, however, that we shall have little difficulty, when the time comes, in proving to him the error of his ways." There was cool amusement in the smile that just lifted the ends of the blond mustache.

"Do you think he can be honestly mistaken in the matter, this—person?" Dorothy asked, her cheeks flushing a little with the question, eager interest in her eyes.

"Oh, certainly. Why not? So much depends upon the point of view, you know. In Neil's place I should think the same as he does, and make the very same fight, without any question. Business is business. We can't blame a man for taking what he can get."

"Provided he gets it honestly," the young lady supplemented, in a tone of righteous severity.

"Oh, of course, provided he gets it honestly," her father agreed, his smile rather sardonic. "Only in these times the world does not always bother itself to ask how he gets it."

They rode along for awhile in silence, but Dorothy was not yet ready to abandon the subject. "I thought you said it was a regular bunco game," she presently observed.

"Did I? I dare say."

"But that would be a swindle," she persisted. "And if this man thinks he is right—if he is only mistaken—"

"Merciful heavens, Dorothy, you make me tired!" the colonel exclaimed, his patience plainly exhausted. "The way you can harp on one string—it is your mother right over again!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROMANTIC MARRIAGES.

Love Matches in the German Royal Family.

There had been an extraordinary number of romantic marriages among the Hohenlohes. The one which caused the greatest sensation at the moment was perhaps that of Prince Karl, the eldest brother of the present statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine. The young prince's sister—now duchess of Schleswig-Holstein and mother of the German kaiserin—was in her girlhood very fond of cooking, and she and a number of other young ladies formed a class for the purpose of taking regular instructions from the palace chef. One day Princess Adelheid coaxed her brother, who had been in the habit of scoffing at her efforts, to join them in the kitchen and watch the manufacture of waffeln. Prince Karl came with reluctance, asserting that he would escape again at once, but stayed on and on, and, what is more, attended every future lesson from commencement to close. The attraction was soon discovered to be the presence of a very pretty and lively young lady, Fraulein Marie Gathwohl, and, as was somewhat natural, their mutual affection encountered strong opposition from the prince's parents, who deemed it out of the question that their eldest son and heir should marry a simple burgher's daughter. This fact, however, only rendered Prince Karl more determined than ever and when, by the death of his father, in 1860, he became head of the family of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, he immediately renounced his rights to the succession, and the following year was married to Fraulein Grathwohl in Paris, whither the young couple and the bride's relatives had gone to avoid certain legal difficulties which would have occurred had the wedding taken place in Germany.

The marriage turned out an exceptionally happy one and for a long time Prince Karl and his wife lived in Frankfort-on-Main. Three children were born to them, Queen Victoria standing sponsor to the two elder ones, Karl and Victoria. Both they and the younger girl, Beatrice, attended public schools in Frankfort, and their education was carefully watched over by their father, who shunned general society and only lived for his family. His son and daughters also learned to excel in sport and were particularly devoted to riding and driving. Some ten years ago the prince removed to Salzburg and his son entered the Austrian army, the home circle being further broken up by the early marriage of his eldest daughter, Victoria. Beatrice, the youngest, still lives with her parents and is known as Baroness von Bronn, the name and rank bestowed upon her mother and the latter's children by the king of Wurtemberg in 1890.—Chicago News.

Trying to Say the Right Thing.

"When I was your age," said Mr. Cumrox, sternly, "I earned my own living."

His son looked uneasy, but was silent.

"Well, have you nothing to say for yourself in that connection?"

"N—nothing, sir, except that I sympathize with you and congratulate you on the fact that it's all over with."—Washington Star.

How He Got It.

Flannigan—How'd yez git th' black oye, Casey?

Casey—Oi slipped an' landed on me back.

Flannigan—But, me good man, y'r face ain't located on y'r back.

Casey (gloomily)—No; nather wuz Finnegan.—N. Y. Truth.

BALL OF FIRE HAUNTS A GRAVE.

The Dead Man Played Cards for a Woman, Won and Was Murdered.

A lonely grave on the edge of a barren old orchard a half mile south of Broadhead, Ky., contains the remains of the first man murdered in Rockcastle county. The grave is situated on the summit of a steep cliff about 30 feet in height, which borders a seldom traveled passway known as the Negro Creek road. A more lonely spot with more dreary surroundings is hard to imagine. The grave referred to is marked by a sandstone rock three feet in height by three feet in width, and bears the following inscription in rudely carved characters:

1773.
DAVID EVERHART
Was Born in October.
Murdered Sept. 22, 1810.

There is a tragic story connected with the death of Everhart that was well known to the generation that has all but passed away, and in this manner has been handed down to the present time.

Everhart came to Kentucky from North Carolina with a party of adventurers, and for a time they dwelt in Rockcastle county, whither they had been attracted by the fabulous stories of Swift's silver mine, said to have been located in that section of the state. Tradition speaks of Everhart as a wild, dissipated man who was wholly without fear, and as a gambler who would stake his life upon the turn of a card.

Everhart and his companions erected near where the railroad water tank now stands at Broadhead a rude log shanty, remnants of which are yet to be seen. From there they would daily sally forth to prospect for silver. One of the party, a man by the name of Wise, had with him his daugter Mary, who is said to have been a girl of rare beauty.

Everhart and Cyrus Thomas were suitors for the girl's favors, but her fickleness kept each of them in uncertainty, and in this way a fierce enmity was engendered between these two men. Finally they agreed to play a game of cards for the possession of the girl, the loser not only to renounce any claim he might have upon her, but was to take his departure from the country also.

This arrangement was agreed to by all parties, and the momentous game was played in the log shanty after the day's work was done, the girl herself being a witness to it. An exciting game it was, too, both men keeping well together until the final deal, when Everhart turned a winning trump, which gave him the game and the girl.

This angered Thomas, and he sprang upon Everhart, stabbing him with a glittering knife. At this juncture the lights were extinguished and no one, of course, knows exactly what happened, but passers by the shanty next morning discovered Everhart's body, covered with wounds, lying upon the threshold. His companions had disappeared and were never heard of again.

The dead man was buried in the lonely spot spoken of above, and some years afterward his relatives in North Carolina caused the rude stone to be erected which marks the grave to-day. One remarkable feature in connection with the last resting place of the unfortunate man is that the grave has never sunk a foot in all the years since it was first filled. This is no surprise to the superstitious mountaineers, however, who aver that a murdered man's grave never sinks.

The vicinity of the lone grave is said to be haunted, and many are the gruesome stories current of the unnatural occurrences that transpire there. No one will be willingly caught in the locality after nightfall, the best men in the county concurring in the opinion that the place is frequented by visitors from "the other side." The favorite story in this line tells of a ball of fire which burns steadily and brightly at the head of the grave every night. No one has ever had the courage to approach the spot near enough to solve the mystery. It is also told that a shadowy man, bearing a coffin upon his shoulders, emerges once a year from the old orchard and travels hastily across an open space, disappearing near the forsaken grave.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Famous Dog Killed.

The celebrated Newfoundland dog, Sultan, which for his acts of devotion to man and for his courage, was, on the 9th of May, 1891, solemnly rewarded by the Society for the Protection of Animals with a collar of honor, lately fell a victim to his fidelity to his master. Among the feats performed by Sultan are the arrest of a robber, the capture of a murderer, the saving of a child 13 years old, who was drowning in the Marne, and the saving of the life of a man who had thrown himself into the Seine from the Pont Neuf. He first belonged to the publisher M. Didier, who, however, gave him to Mme. Foucher de Careil. She kept him at her residence near Corbeil, where Sultan was the terror of tramps and malefactors, one of whom, it is probable, killed him, for he was recently found lying dead by a hedge, poisoned by a piece of meat.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

In Doubt.

A near-sighted girl happened to pass a furnishing store and glance at the show window. She checked a scream and said to her companion:

"Oh, please come here and relieve my suspense."

"How?"

"Tell me what I am looking at—boa constrictors or bicycle stockings!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Second Edition.

He had married a young widow and was in the first flush of his happiness.

"Darling," he murmured, "will you ever forget your honeymoon?"

"Which?" she queried, absent-mindedly.—Pick-Me-Up.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—"If eggs are $17 a dozen in the Klondike, what on earth do you suppose they would ask for a bicycle?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Wasted Effort.—Ten Eycke—"A man can be a good Christian, even if he doesn't belong to the church." Maud—"Yes, but what credit do you get for it?"—Truth.

—"Say, Weary, dat bloke wot shot de big Spanish guy is goin' to be garroted. Wot does that mean?" "It means he's goin' to get it in the neck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—A Hilarious Combination.—Mrs. Dunnigan—"Phat ye laughin' at, Pat?" Mr. O'Flagherty—"Oi wor just t'inkin' phat a divil av a toime there'd be av the siventeent' av March came on the Fourt' av July."—Truth.

—"The sloth," said the witty dean of St. Paul's, "moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and, in fact, passes his life in suspense, like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop."—Household Words.

—Mrs. De Montmorenci Jinks—"I am so much troubled about Dorothea, doctor. She is just getting to that age when she thinks her mother has no judgment whatever." Dr. Fifthly—"Ahem! Reaching the age of reason, I suppose."—Brooklyn Life.

—Instances in Plenty.—"What a silly expression! 'No more sense than the law allows.' Did you ever know a man who had more sense than the law allowed?" "Certainly. The jails are full of fellows who got there by being too smart."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Hilgard—"Jason has got a model wife. He was going to buy a bicycle, and she persuaded him that a lawn mower would give him just as good exercise, and that it would be more economical." Nixon—"I'm awfully glad Jason has got such an excellent wife. It is such a comfort to know that nobody else is in danger of getting her."—Boston Transcript.

WHOLE STATE MAY GO TO JAIL.

Fool Legislation in North Carolina Will Result in This If Enforced.

North Carolina is not the only state that has trouble in the collection of its taxes from people against whom they are assessed, but the commonwealth has a legislature that undertook to furnish a remedy, and has done it in a way that may involve both the state and its delinquent taxpayers in some trouble. The new law directs the sheriffs of the counties, by whom the taxes are collected, to report to the criminal court the names of all persons who have failed to pay their taxes within a specified time, when they are to be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of $500 or to imprisonment in the county jail for a term not exceeding six months.

The new law was to go into effect on September 1, a date before the farmers had marketed their cotton, and therefore a vast majority of them would be unable to meet the demands of the sheriff. There is quite a commotion in the state and the attorney-general has been called upon for an opinion as to the constitutionality of the law, in response to which he has given two legal opinions, one of which declares the law to be valid as to all taxes and the other that it can apply only to licenses. The result is that this lucid attempt to straddle the question has involved it in still greater uncertainty.

From present appearances it is evident that the law will fail because there is not jail room enough in the jails to hold one-tenth of those who may be delinquents on the first of the month, while neither the judges of the criminal courts will dare to impose the pecuniary punishment provided by law nor would the sheriffs be able to collect the fines if the courts decreed them. The experience North Carolina is having with hasty and ill-considered legislation is not peculiar to that state, and many of the laws on the statute books of many of the states, known as "dead letter laws," are of this variety of legislation. The laws are too dead and too generally unobserved to be worth the trouble of repealing them.—Chicago News.

England as "Decay."

By an unfortunate juxtaposition of words and emblems, England is unintentionally depicted in the new congressional library as a decrepit old woman, gathering dry sticks, who is being winked at by a knowing-looking owl, perched on a neighboring bough. The pendentives of the beautiful southwest pavilion of the library are filled by four plaques in relief, representing spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Under each is a single word illustative of the season—seed, bloom, fruit, decay. The mural paintings of the room are designed to illustrate the progress of discovery through conquest to civilization, and honor is shown the four nations most conspicuous in the colonization of the new world—Spain, Portugal, France, and England—by inscribing their names conspicuously in the four corners of the pavilion, and therefore under the mottoes describing the medallions. One or other name had to be painted under the ominous word decay, and beneath the decrepit old woman: and as chance would have it, the lot fell to England.—N. Y. Post.

A Capital Offense.

"What's the crowd gathering for?"

"Dah's some talk o' lynchin 'a cullud pusson, sah.'"

"What! a murder?"

"Worse'n dat, sah. Jim Thompson, sah, was delegated by de membahs of de White Rose Social club, sah, to gwine across de way an' buy de forty-poun' prize watahmelon, sah. Dey guv Jim de money an' he got along all right, sah, but jes' as he was gwine up de stairs, sah, Pete Mullin's white bull terrier run atween his laigs, sah, an' Jim stumbled an' dropped de melon plum on de sidewalk, sah! Guess dey'll lynch him, shuah."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.